

The Children's Newspaper, January 30, 1943

A FELLOW NAMED ROWAN

MAJOR ANDREW ROWAN has joined the great immortals. We remember a group of boys who had never heard of Captain Oates, and we fear there are countless boys who never heard of Major Rowan, who has just passed to his inheritance in an Army hospital in San Francisco. Yet his little-known name must blaze into fame whenever men talk of heroic deeds.

He flashed across the stage of history 45 years ago. Little did he guess, when he woke up on St George's Day in 1898, what was to come into his life before night. It was little enough, apparently, when it happened—just a letter to deliver, and yet the tale of its delivery stirred the world and has been told a hundred million times.

War was breaking out between the United States and Spain over Cuba, and the President had a letter for the Cuban insurgent, General Garcia. Nobody knew where he was save that he was somewhere in the wild mountains of Cuba, but he must be found and found quickly and the letter must be put into his hand. Somebody said to the President, "There's a fellow

by the name of Rowan who will find Garcia for you." Rowan was sent for and asked if he could do it. He said he would try.

Rowan put the letter in an oilskin pouch and strapped it round his body. In four days a little boat was creeping through the night toward the coast of Cuba, and was flung on to the beach by a great wave. The fellow by the name of Rowan got out and climbed the cliffs. He walked across the island of Cuba, an enemy land, through swamps, mud, fever, and mosquitoes, and he found Garcia. He talked with Garcia for a long time, delivered his letter, and obtained useful information for the President. Then he came home again, wrote a 100-word account of his journey, and delivered it to White House. He had done his job; he had delivered his message; and it was over.

Yet not quite over. Elbert Hubbard, the journalist, wrote another story, and no piece of journalism has ever been more widely printed than his. Andrew Rowan's brief report of his journey would hardly interest you, but Elbert Hubbard's will. We give it our pulpit this week.

Message to Garcia

IN all this Cuban business there is one man stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars at perihelion.

When war broke out between Spain and the United States it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the mountain fastnesses of Cuba—no one knew where. No mail or telegraph message could reach him.

Someone said to the President: "There is a young fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for, and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia.

How "the fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, scaled it up in an oilskin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the island, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia, are things I have no special desire now to tell in detail. The point I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter, and did not ask "Where is he at?"

By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college of the land. It is not book-learning young men need, but a stiffening of the vertebrae, which will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies; do the thing.

Put this matter to a test: You are sitting now in your office—six clerks are within call. Summon any one of them and make this request: "Please look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum for me concerning the life of Correggio."

Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes, sir," and go and do the task?

On your life he will not. He will ask one or more of the following questions: Who was he? Which encyclopedia? Where is the encyclopedia? Was I hired for that? Don't you mean Bismarck? Is he dead? Is there any hurry? Shan't I bring you the book and let you look it up yourself?

And after you have answered the questions and explained how to find the information and why you want it the clerk will go off and get one of the other clerks to help him to

find Correggio—and come back and tell you there is no such man.

Now, if you are wise you will not bother to explain to your assistant that Correggio is indexed under the Cs, not in the Ks, but will smile and look it up yourself.

We have recently been hearing much sympathy expressed for the "down-trodden denizen of the sweat-shop" and the "homeless wanderer searching for honest employment," and with it all often go many hard words for the men in power.

Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in the vain attempt to get ne'er-do-wells to do intelligent work.

I know one man of really brilliant parts who has not the ability to manage a business of his own, and yet who is absolutely worthless to anyone else because he carries with him constantly the insane suspicion that his employer is oppressing or intending to oppress him.

Tonight this man walks the streets looking for work, the wind whistling through his threadbare coat.

Have I put the matter too strongly? Possibly I have; but when all the world has gone a-slumming I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who, against great odds, has directed the efforts of others, and, having succeeded, finds there is nothing in it: nothing but bare board and clothes. I have carried a dinner pail and worked for a day's wages, and I have also been an employer of labour, and I know there is something to be said on both sides.

There is no excellence in poverty; rags are no recommendation, and all employers are not rapacious and high-handed any more than all poor men are virtuous. My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the boss is away as well as when he is at home. And the man who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the message without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of doing aught else but deliver it, never has to go on strike for higher wages.

Civilisation is one long, anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted: He is wanted in every city, town, and village—in every office, shop, store, and factory.

The world cries out for such; he is needed, and needed badly—the man who can carry a message to Garcia.

CHILDREN'S
NEWSPAPER
EVERY TUESDAY 3d
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EDITED BY ARTHUR MEE

FIFTY CENTURIES AGO

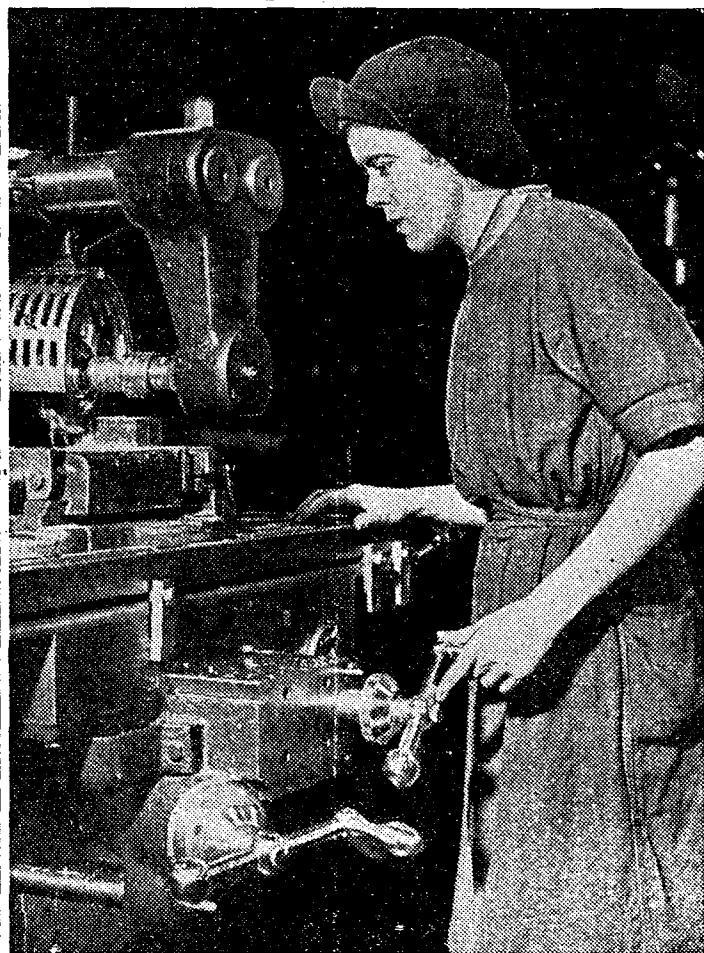
WHEN we hear of the thrilling night patrols and marches that our men make from time to time in the deserts of the African front, we marvel that they should be able to find their way with only the stars to guide them. In reality they have only mastered forgotten methods that were common 5000 years ago.

When they look up at the Zodiac, that belt of the sky containing the apparent paths of the sun, the moon, and the chief planets, do they realise,

one wonders, that it was the people of ancient Babylon who, fifty centuries ago, divided that sky-area into the twelve signs that we call the Bull, the Twins, the Ram, and so on; and do they know that it was the same old wonder-men who divided the circle into 360 degrees?

When a troop is told to march at a certain hour they adopt a division of time prescribed by the Babylonians, who divided the hour into 60 minutes and the minute into seconds.

Training For War Work



People from many callings are attending Government Training Centres to learn how to make munitions. Here is a clerk of the Ministry of Labour, training as a milling setter operator

Spades and Pails

CHILDREN who lived by the sea in peacetime did not realise how lucky they were, and how town and country boys and girls envied them when the long summer days began.

Now that so many of them have been exiled from the beaches, no longer safe or open for play, they appreciate what they have lost. But they took their spades and pails with them as reminders.

Perhaps the kind folk in some of our popular seaside resorts

were thinking of this when they collected thousands of pails and spades not long ago, and sent them to the National Society of Children's Nurseries for children who might wish to play a game of make-believe seaside.

Margate, Ramsgate, Skegness, Brighton, Eastbourne, Yarmouth, Lowestoft, Deal, Ventnor, and other resorts have all contributed to the collection, and children throughout the country will thank them for their kind thought.

RUSSIA'S REGAINED CITIES

THE smashing victories of the Red Army continue to stir the admiration of the world; there has been nothing like it in the war. For several weeks now the Russians have been pressing back the invaders, bringing relief to Leningrad which had been besieged for 500 days, winning back many other big cities, and freeing hundreds of inhabited places.

Yet even a life-and-death struggle of this magnitude cannot prevent the Russians pursuing knowledge. This is one of the most amazing facts about the Soviet Republic; and in after years the Russians will justly boast that while they were throwing the invaders back from Leningrad, Stalingrad, and the Caucasus, and suffering every kind of misfortune, their scientists went calmly on with their work, searching for knowledge in war as eagerly as in peace.

A striking example of this comes from the extreme south, where, on the borders of China and Afghanistan, Russian scientists have been prospecting the mineral resources of Tadjikistan, and have stumbled upon an archaeological discovery of great importance.

This is no less than a Stone Age city underground. The archaeologists as yet have made

no more than a hasty survey of the ancient labyrinth, but there is reason to believe the discovery will rank as one of the most fascinating chapters in the long story of discovery.

The forgotten city is to be found in the Kshut valley, and those who have examined it tell us that they came first to an immense cavern or underground hall, advancing from one stone room to another and along corridor after corridor. For two, three, four, nearly five miles they went on, all the time exploring natural caves or halls hewn out of the rock by Stone Age men.

Many relics of these old cave dwellers remained, among them their tools and utensils, and galleries of the pictures they had drawn and painted on the walls of their midnight dwellings in a city which never saw the sun. Decorations of many kinds, and sketches of mountain goats and other animals, have already been noticed.

A Great South African

EVERY friend of South Africa in this country will be glad to know that the valiant Colonel Reitz is now settled as High Commissioner in London.

Like General Smuts himself, Colonel Reitz fought against us in the Boer War, his father having been President of the Orange Free State. When the war was over he remained dissatisfied with the peace, and was one of those who exiled themselves rather than become British citizens. But time has

made him a noble friend of the British Empire, on whom General Smuts relies as his right-hand man.

Colonel Reitz declares that English and Dutch are mingling so well in South Africa now that in the next generation or so it will be hard to tell one from the other. In proportion to its white population, he says, the Union has as many men and women in the army as any of the United Nations, and they are all immensely hopeful of the future.

MR WILLKIE'S IDEA

NOBODY can say that Mr Wendell Willkie is not interesting, however much we may feel that some of his ideas are lacking in historic authority.

He has been speaking at a university in North Carolina, and put forward the idea that perhaps we may in these days exalt our leaders out of all proportion to their talents. The four Allied leaders, Mr Willkie declared, are great men and deserve their fame, yet dare we say that any one of

them is indispensable? Do we not need more faith in "the great levelling process of Democracy which for ever pushes new men to the top"?

Mr Willkie also touched on the proposal that the Allies should re-educate the German mind after the traditional manner of conquerors, and he was against it, because "education must grow out of native culture, and alien ideals imposed by force will only produce hatred."

TOO MANY KINDS OF THE SAME THING

Those who think nothing is being done to make the world a simpler place to live in should try to discover the facts. Take one Committee alone, the Committee on Building Materials Standardisation, appointed by the Ministry of Works. Already it has an immense achievement to its credit, for it has been trying to standardise materials and has reduced the types of doors from 400 to 3, the types of bricks from 17 to 2, the types of metal windows from 300 to 30. We hope standardisation will be retained in peacetime, for there have been far too many kinds of the same thing everywhere.

The Green Wood Fire

As so much wood is now being burned, it should be pointed out that green wood fires are apt to deposit an inflammable resin inside a chimney, and if the chimney happens to be difficult to scrape clean the result may be serious. We do not want any unnecessary conflagrations in these days.

THINGS SEEN

Three blind men in Dublin leading people home in a dense fog.

A carrot two feet round at Welborne in Norfolk.

A savoy cabbage six feet round at Scarborough.

Strong Seas Come Raging In

STORMY seas have once again been making inroads into Norfolk and Suffolk, and an East Anglian M.P. has been protesting that it appears to be nobody's duty to resist this invasion.

Not only in East Anglia, but elsewhere this winter the sea has been breaking into the land with serious results. Even that great natural buffer piled up by the sea itself, the Chesil Beach in Dorset, has been breached.

As we need every possible square yard of our country for cultivation in these hard days, the loss of any area is serious, so that anything that can be done to strengthen and extend breakwaters should not be neglected.

Down the ages the coastline of the world, and in particular of our own island, has been changing, and the Roman or Viking navigator would hardly recognise our present coast. Places like Dunwich and Reculver are under the sea, while places like Castle Rising, Cley, Winchelsea, and Rye are miles inland, the sea having receded or piled up new land in front of these old coastal ports. Indeed, while the sea takes material from one part it dumps it on another. Spurn Head in Yorkshire is a good example of this action, and though much land has been lost, much has been added to this county of broad acres.

Our Changing Coastline

The ultimate cause of the changing coastline is the slow elevation and depression of the land mass itself. Not so very long ago, as geologists count time, the North Sea was dry land with the Rhine and its tributary the Thames flowing through. This area has sunk below the level of a sea which is deeply affected by the movements of the mighty Atlantic and has steadily denuded the coasts, especially where they are of soft strata.

In recent years much land has been reclaimed from the sea in the neighbourhood of the Wash, and has produced considerable wealth, so that Norfolk's fight with the waters has not been all loss. But there is still much more that can be done in this way; it is one of the big things that will help to make employment when peace comes.

HEADMASTERS PRAISE OUR BOYS

At a meeting of the Association of Headmasters in London a number of tributes were paid to the war work of schoolboys. The President, Mr R. J. Evans of Woodhouse Grammar School, recalled that the Battle of Britain was fought largely by Old Boys, for few apart from them had the education and training necessary for the prompt training of air pilots. And Mr H. L. O. Flacker, of Christ's Hospital, pointed out that very many schoolboys are now doing Home Guard and A.R.P. duties, fire-watching, and work on agriculture and munitions.

The general view seemed to be that the extra duties being done by senior schoolboys through the war are borne without complaining or questioning, and, while not exhausting their physical strength, confer upon them a consciousness of citizenship.

LITTLE NEWS REELS

GERMANY, who is continually exhausting the manpower of her smaller neighbours, has now used up from 350,000 to 400,000 Rumanians on the Russian Front.

Since the war began Canada has sent us 840 million eggs and 300 million pounds of cheese.

Sweden has refused to supply workers for Germany, and the demand for them has created great indignation.

General Wavell's army is gaining a hold on strong positions in Burma.

The trapped German Army outside Stalingrad, 300,000 strong, has now been brought down to about 70,000, and has refused to surrender.

It has been suggested that war prisoners who have been chained by the Nazis should be awarded a silver fetter to be added to their war medal.

Trains and buses are to have more light in the blackout.

A LEGACY of £100 to a Birmingham man is to be doubled "if he will have his nose straightened."

Irak has declared war on the Axis, the first Arab State to do so.

The production of food in U.S.A. last year was sufficient to feed 20,000,000 extra people.

London aims at raising £150,000,000 during her Wings for Victory week.

America expects to build 19,000,000 tons of merchant ships this year, or about a third of world tonnage afloat last summer.

The Red Cross spends £12 a minute, and £6 a minute comes from the Penny-a-Week Fund, to which 41,500 firms belong.

For the convenience of passengers wishing to take food on trains the L.M.S. has opened at Euston a Railbar capable of serving 60 customers a minute; it is hoped to establish others at several busy provincial centres.

The Prime Minister of Australia has declared that the manpower of the Commonwealth is approaching exhaustion.

While giving a lecture to Home Guards, an officer who fought in Abyssinia used an Italian flag, which had been captured there, as a blackboard duster.

The Ford Savings Group subscribed over £350,000 in National Savings in 1942, bringing their total to more than £500,000.

The Southern Railway has ten new powerful locomotives forming the Merchant Navy class, each engine being named after a shipping company using Southampton Docks in peace time.

Scout and Guide News Reel

THE Scouts of Pretoria, South Africa, are now recognised by the Civil Defence authorities as messengers, fire-fighters, and first-aiders; they wear their own distinctive badges.

The 64th Portsmouth Troop has passed the 2000-hour mark for National Service, including collecting salvage, erecting Morrison shelters, and assisting on local flag days.

When the First Aid Unit at Eynsham was suffering from lack of numbers all members of the 1st Eynsham Troop over 16 joined the unit and formed a complete squad.

EACH member of a patrol of the 6th Uxbridge Air Scout Troop was given a shilling and told to make as much as possible out of it; and in a week the patrol had £4 for the Baden-Powell Memorial Fund.

Scouts won the first three places in a class of 48 sitting for a R.N.V.R. examination for sick berth attendants.

The heads of the W.R.N.S., A.T.S., W.A.A.F., and the Women's Land Army have sent messages to Guide Headquarters testifying to the value of the pre-service training given by the Rangers.

GREAT TREES OF ENGLAND

THE Editor wishes to thank the many readers who have so kindly sent details of great English trees not given in our lists.

England seems to be a land of giants, notable among them being oaks in Savernake Forest, Wiltshire, and cedars of Lebanon planted in Goodwood Park, Sussex, in 1761, the biggest being 25 feet round. In a garden at Great Horkeley in Essex are two cedars of about 15 feet; and Clay

Cross School at Tupton Hall in Derbyshire has among many splendid trees in its park, sweet chestnuts of 19 and 15 feet, an oak and a beech of 16, and two other beeches of 15. Surrey has many claimants to a place in the records with a 25-foot yew at Haslemere, an oak of 16 at Mickleham, and several Spanish chestnuts in Betchworth Park, many having a girth of 24 feet, and one 27, and the monarch of them all 30 feet.

The Woman and Her Little House

WOMEN want better houses in the country districts. Where her mother was content to bring up a family in a cottage without a damp course, the modern woman demands water laid on and electric light. That account must be taken of this demand after the war is apparent from the replies to questions sent out by the National Federation of Women's Institutes to branches in the country.

From 46 counties there has come in one reply: We must have better houses.

Housewives differ (judging by other replies) as to the size of the ideal home of the future.

Most of them want three rooms on the ground floor. Some would be content with two, but the dimensions vary from 10 feet by 10 to 18 feet by 18.

What everyone is agreed upon is that there must be built-in cupboards in every room, upstairs and down, that there shall be a larger facing north with a cold slab in it, and that the back door shall be "away from the neighbours."

In addition everyone wants to get away from the oil stove, and nobody seems to want to live in a terraced house. All prefer a cottage that shall stand a little way back from the road.

An Island Queen's Appeal

THOSE who have been wont to criticise British methods in our Colonies are beginning, as the facts are made clear, to learn with surprise that our rule has been generally wise, benevolent, and to the lasting advantage of the peoples governed.

The discovery need not have awaited the coming of the present time; the evidence has long been available. Malta was not the only island that begged to be taken under our flag, nor have all who sought citizenship with us been admitted.

It was just a century ago that the world had a startling demonstration of the esteem in which British rule is held among native tribes and peoples. The French

had newly established a protectorate over Tahiti, and the results had not been fortunate, so Pomaré, Queen of Tahiti, wrote a remarkable letter to Queen Victoria.

"Do not cast me away," she begged. "Assist me quickly, my friend. I run to you for refuge, to be covered under your great shadow, the shadow that afforded relief to my fathers by your fathers, who are now dead, and whose kingdoms have descended to us, the weaker vessels."

The petition could not be acceded to; Tahiti was later annexed by France, and French it remained. But perhaps this tribute to British rule may interest some of our critics.

A WORD FROM TASMANIA

DEAR EDITOR, I live in Hobart, which is a beautiful place. It is between Mount Wellington, 4166 feet high, and is on the banks of the River Derwent, one of the best harbours in the world. There are no tugs here and the Queen Elizabeth could come right into the wharf.

I am nine years old and go to Hutchins School, which is the oldest public school continuously open in the Commonwealth. It is a Church of England school and is 97 years old. A large number of old boys are Rhodes Scholars and hold other important positions. The first Australian to be decorated in the Middle East was an Old Boy.

We have had no bombs in Tasmania yet, but we have our air raid shelters ready.

My Daddy is head of the Agricultural Department.

ROGER SMITH, Hobart

ODD

A little while ago a woman in New Zealand packed a parcel. She was one of many women who helped to send off gifts to men serving overseas, but as it happened the parcel she packed was opened in Libya by her husband, Sergeant S. B. Abel.

FULL SPEED AHEAD

One of the pioneers, perhaps the chief pioneer of modern mass production, Mr Henry Ford, has apparently beaten all former records in the construction of his aeroplane plant at Willow Run. The eventual aim, we are now told, is to produce one complete bombing plane and two others in a partly assembled state each hour of the day.

Two years ago the Willow Run site was bare. Now there is a factory three-fifths of a mile long and more than a quarter of a mile wide, with all the gear needed to produce giant planes that fly 3000 miles at 300 miles per hour without refuelling.

It looks as though Henry Ford, the man of peace, is playing a prominent part in the world's war.

THE GAY CLOG

Lancashire streets are alive these days with an old but familiar noise, the clatter-clatter of clogs.

Thousands of girl war workers in the north-west are wearing clogs—not the black clogs their grandmothers wore in the great days of the cotton trade, but clogs of all colours of the rainbow with gaily-coloured laces.

BRAINS TRUSTS

Brains Trusts are spreading far and wide. One of the most successful of the unadvertised rivals known to us is that conducted at his church by a parson friend of ours, who presides, after Sunday evening service, over gatherings at which the questioners are all Servicemen and members of the A.T.S. They select the group who are to reply, and it is their questions—dropped into a box before the meeting—that are answered.

The title of the meeting is The Biblical Brains Trust, and splendid work it is doing.

32 BITES

Many of the grown-ups of a former generation used to counsel their children not to bolt their food but to give each mouthful a bite for each tooth, which means 32 bites before swallowing.

This counsel was carried farther 40 years ago by Horace Fletcher, who claimed to have restored himself to health at 50, after a lifetime of indigestion, by diligently chewing each mouthful until, completely disintegrated, it was swallowed in a partly digested condition. He wrote a book on the subject which attracted much attention and made many disciples.

Stripped of all exaggeration, there is no doubt that people are too much inclined to eat without properly masticating their food. We may be certain that an enormous number of martyrs to chronic indigestion are made by hasty meals.

TOM BROWN RETURNS TO SCHOOL

We can hardly help smiling as we hear that Tom Brown's school-days have started again. They ought never to have ended, but Tom was anxious to help to win the war, so, being big and broad, he joined up, though only 16.

From Kingston in Canada he travelled to England, took a share in the immortal Dieppe raid, and was then sent back to school, where he is a fine Rugby player.

A Few Inches of Soil

THE record crops of corn raised in England last year have left the farmers with thousands of tons of straw to be disposed of.

Straw has many uses, but the bulk of this surplus will have to be returned to the land to fertilise the soil that grew it, and with labour short the task is a formidable one. Still, the task must be attempted, for all that we have to live on comes from the thin layer of earth under our feet.

The world is 8000 miles in diameter, but it is only the thin layer of loam on the surface that counts. Here and there the soil may run to a depth of 30 feet or so, but generally our food, and that of all herb-eating animals as well as our birds and the things that live in the soil, springs from a depth of soil ranging down little more than

30 inches, and in many places even less.

From that shallow covering of the clays and rocks we derive food for cattle, horses, and sheep; grain for ourselves, animals and poultry; timber for a thousand purposes; fruit that preserves our health; and flowers that gladden our senses. Eight thousand miles of rock and barren etceteras, and then, on the surface and in the shallow levels below, all the mysterious laboratory in which Mother Nature works her miracles of reproduction for the preservation of living things—with 150,000 worms to the acre of good soil, and 400 million bacteria to a cubic inch. No wonder the farmer is anxious to feed the ground that so abundantly serves him and so marvellously feeds us all.

Electron Microscope

Television has scored a new triumph in the construction of the electron microscope. So great is the incredible degree of magnification attained that a red blood corpuscle (so tiny that 3500 go to the inch) is magnified to a diameter of over seven yards.

MAKE YOUR SHOES LAST

The nation has now a Director of Civilian Footwear, Mr H. D. Durston, who points out that we must take more care of our boots and shoes.

If we have two pairs of shoes we should wear them on alternate days, because leather recovers with rest, as our feet do. We should polish our shoes not merely for ornament, but because without polish leather loses its pliability and toughness.

As for heavy working boots, dubbin should be rubbed in to keep them pliable. It is very important not to dry shoes near the fire, but to lay them on their sides so that they dry naturally.

NEW USES FOR OLD THINGS

Necessity is the mother of adaptation.

New uses have been found for many things, and from America comes news of cars and raincoats. Manufacture of private cars having almost stopped, there was a surplus of the resin used in the safety glass. As rubber is short, four big raincoat companies have worked out methods of using the safety-glass chemical instead of rubber. The new fabrics are waterproof and stand up well to weather, and there is a saving in weight of about two pounds a garment.

Already the new resins are being used for clothing and army equipment, and for some purposes are likely to replace rubber even when it becomes plentiful again.

WARNED

Members of the Australian Women's Army Service were puzzled when Servicemen from the East Indies and Malaya sheered away from them with a startled look, until it was found that the shoulder badge, with the initials of their corps, A.W.A.S., means, in the language of the Malayan visitors, "Beware."

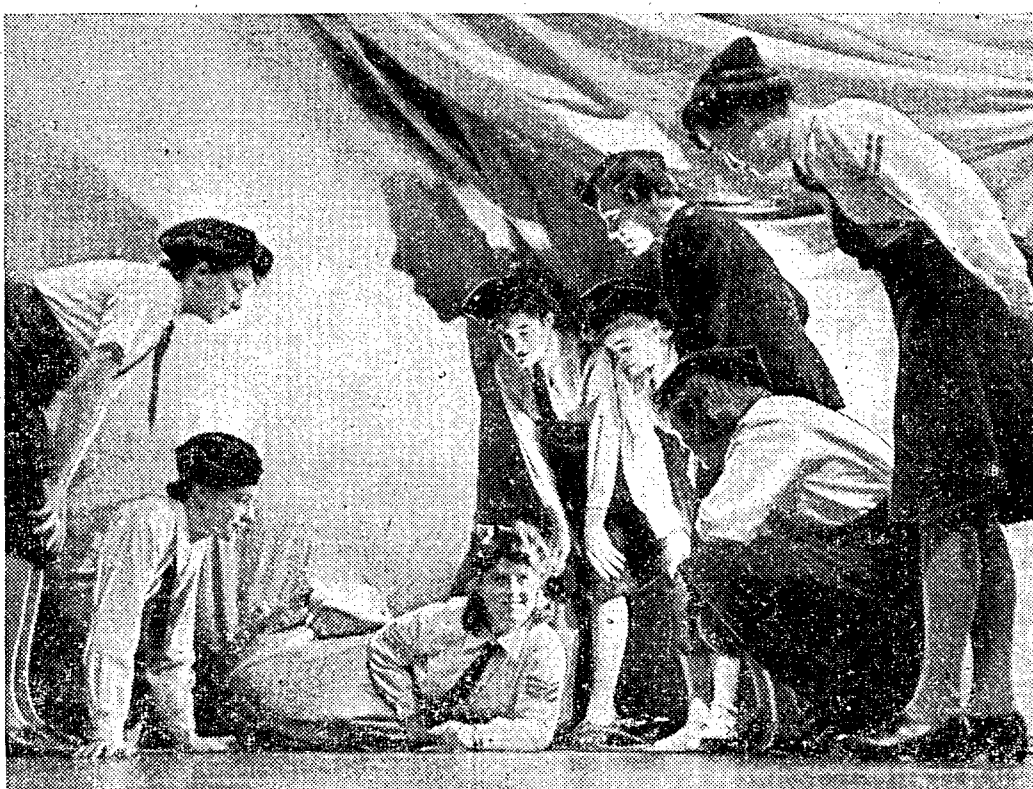
POSTMAN'S HORN

DEAR EDITOR, With reference to the paragraph on the Postman's Horn, I remember the postman's horn coming through our villages in the 1870s quite well, as I was then employed by the village postmaster to deliver the letters which the postman had brought in from the town. To do this I had to travel on foot a good many miles to outlying farms and villages, sometimes in very wintry weather, with snowdrifts very deep. The postman, of course, had his pony and trap, and as he came through would sound his horn, and those who had letters ready would run out and hand them to him as he came along.

WESLEY WATTS

ANOTHER SHORTAGE

The serious shortage of Number Eight electric batteries continues, and unfortunately there is a wholly unnecessary shortage of razor blades. The quantity of material required for this purpose is very small, and it need not increase, for the Board of Trade could easily demand that new blades shall only be supplied to those who surrender old ones.



Girls of the G.T.C. who have their headquarters in a factory where barrage balloons and rubber dinghies are made watch a colleague emerging from an inflated balloon

The EDITOR'S TABLE

SITTERS ON THE FENCE

It appears to many who know little or nothing about it that the Indian question is very easy, and such people may perhaps be asked to note the effect of the great effort made by the Hindu leader in Madras, who has done his best to bring the opposing sections of his community together.

He has failed, and in the story of the failure comes one of the most astounding utterances ever made by a religious community. The Hindu Mahasabha, a very important faction, has declared through its President that the war has not yet been decided and therefore the best policy for the Hindus is to sit on the fence and take what advantage they can from the final outcome!

Easy, Mr Willkie? Yes, very easy to wreck an empire.

What Mr Gladstone Said

WHAT did Mr Gladstone say in 1843? This:

The first object of education is to aid a man's temporal advancement, to put tools in his hands. The other doctrine is that the great purpose of education is rather to enable a man to mould himself, to develop his faculties, to cherish in him the imperishable seed of life eternal.

Unfortunately, it is the former view which too often prevails. It is excellent to put the tools of education into a child's hands. It is better to confer upon a child the inestimable benefit of developing his faculties to produce an honest man.

School Story

OUR post from New Zealand brings us the story of a school to which two officials of the R A F had made a visit. In their talks to the children they had described the tragic events of 1940, and when they had gone one small boy was heard to say to his companion, "I wonder if they were at the Vaccination of Dunkirk?"

Under the Editor's Table

A CERTAIN young American is too tall for the Army. Couldn't he be given a high post?

NOWHERE is there a shady spot for the Germans to rest, they say. No shady spot for a shady lot.

THE police have their own variety show. Some arresting turns.

HITLER may talk about the fruits of victory, but he will only get the pip.

Peter Puck Wants to Know



Where the ladies get all their Futility Hats

GOEBBELS is down in the dumps. But Nazis live on rubbish dumps.

THE Russians prefer to fight at close quarters. Never do things by halves.

THE tube was held up the other day. Somebody should look into it.

THE Chinese have no handles on their cups. We haven't many with handles either.

Social Security

THE words Social Security have come into common use partly through the Beveridge Report, which recommends that universal insurance should be applied by the Government to make each citizen feel free from the worst of social cares.

Sir William Beveridge has, we are glad to see, now acknowledged clearly that no social insurance scheme on a liberal and universal scale can succeed unless the war ends in Victory.

In such an emergency as will be upon us when the war ends we shall have to exercise the utmost rapidity of action, and work on the material fabric of the nation

will be the most obvious procedure. We have complete control of home affairs, and there is so much work needed urgently at home that much unemployment may be avoided by doing it.

To secure imports for home and foreign trade is a very different and difficult matter, and its difficulty will increase with the prolongation of the conflict. Little yet has been said so far of what is to be done to secure in the future the splendid stream of imports which enriched us in the past, but it is one of the vital things we should consider clearly and in good time.

GUARD THE KITCHEN GARDENS

DIGGERS for victory are now beginning to think of spring and summer, when the long toil of autumn and winter will bear its fruit.

Allotment-holders all over the kingdom are steadily contributing to the solution of our food problems. In town and village alike they are carrying on their splendid work, and for the moment are sharing the enjoyment of its green reward.

It was so in the last war. But at the end of the last war a Great Betrayal took place. It must not happen again!

Vast numbers of allotment-holders, who had worked like Trojans from 1914 to 1919, were cheated of their holdings when peace came. Many local authorities, who had provided land and facilities and even tools for the

work of food-growing in those perilous years a quarter of a century ago, took everything away from the diligent gardeners as soon as the danger was over.

Among those who are cultivating their strips of soil most manfully today are people who have held them for 25 years. It is grand to watch the townsman, marching to his allotment at week-ends. It is grand to see the villager hoeing and weeding and planting and making ready for his harvest. Ours is supposed to be a country of agricultural neglect, but in no country in the whole world do people love their gardens more.

They must keep those gardens, and we must all see that they do so. Our Government failed us last time; it must not happen again.

Know Your Town

So as to allow interested Suffolk people to attend its meetings, Beccles Town Council has amended one of its standing orders.

In its old form the order permitted the presence of a limited number of ratepayers, but now the word public has been substituted. Recently, leaders of the local Youth Service Movement put in an appearance at one of the meetings and were cordially welcomed by the mayor, who hoped they would continue to show an interest in local affairs.

IRON OR FOOD?

IN many respects war is a clash of interests, and often we have to deplore the destruction of some splendid thing to obtain a product more useful in war.

Thus it is in the Midlands, where it is said more than an acre of good soil is being lost every day so far as food production is concerned.

No less than 3000 acres of agricultural land in the county have gone in Northants alone, while other areas are threatened because good supplies of limestone or iron ore are concealed under the fields of Warwickshire, Leicestershire, and Lincolnshire.

Four years ago a committee of the Ministry of Health wrote these scathing words of these excavations:

For lack of foresight, for lack of organisation, year by year, this part of our land is being reduced and left in a state that no one can see without shame.

Giant excavators are used to uncover ironstone 50 feet and more below the surface, and the soil is not put back, but lies in great heaps.

JUST AN IDEA

If you are going to do a good thing, do it now; if you are going to do a mean thing, wait.

Ready, Aye Ready



An R A F man adjusting the equipment of an Army glider pilot before he takes off for a practice flight

THE PARSON

We think we should be forgiven for quoting this letter from the *Middle East*. It is written by an officer of the Royal Tank Regiment to a parish magazine in Nottingham. The Padre may be without a compass in the desert but we think he has a good compass by which he sets his life.

DEAR MR EDITOR, During the last three years I happen to have seen your parish magazine several times. I have never, to my knowledge, been in your parish, yet I have always read your magazine whenever I have seen it lying about.

Most of the Padre's things are lying about. In one town where we were in billets I went to join him in a four-roomed flat. It was, of course, unfurnished, but the Padre's papers served as a carpet in each of the four rooms. My arrival was followed by two other officers moving in, so the Padre's papers were removed into his own room. On the day we left for overseas, an hour before we moved, the litter was still there and nothing was packed! (There was, it must be admitted, a reason, as he was giving a lame dog a hand up to the last moment. I happen to know that.)

Only the other day the Padre announced that he was setting off for Cairo at "first light." First light means dawn. Just before lunch he was seen to leave!

In the desert there are perhaps two golden rules. You never travel alone and never without a compass. Yet, in the middle of the night, while out on training, I was standing in the middle of the desert when out of the darkness came a car. There was

no track, no landmark, and the car was moving rather faster than was really safe. It stopped and out stepped the Padre—alone and without a compass.

A hopeless man—untidy, unpunctual, and without any regard for army discipline. Why am I interested in his magazine?

Because I know other things about him. I've seen him compete in a 3-mile race with men 15 years his junior—and finish, though he had no chance to win. I know something of the help he has given to many a man. I have heard him preach in England in the open green fields and in church, on a troopship at sea, and I have seen him conducting a service in the desert. I know why he was cheered by every man present at the finish of that race. He's the Padre, or the Parson, and we don't want to change him, thank you.

His name? Oh, A. J. Evans—didn't you know?

A. D. BONHAM-CARTER, Major

Two Cows Pay Calls

Two cows have been on the rampage in two parts of New Zealand.

One dashed into an hotel on the West Coast and found its way to a bed-room, slipping along the polished linoleum and coming to rest on its haunches before a mirror.

The second cow called to see a lawyer at Stratford, a small town in the shadow of Mount Egmont.

She dived into the lawyer's office, fled from his room along a passage, where she destroyed a hand-basin, and at last thrust her head through a window.

Let Us Keep Our School Caps

WE have heard much of the Old School Tie, its significance and its influence, which many of us think too great and all-pervading for the comfort of our future.

But if the Old School Tie is to disappear, what of the New School Cap? Not public criticism, but wartime scarcity, is the trouble here. It is a real possibility that distinctive school caps and hats may be no longer available in a few months from now. There may not be sufficient material to make any more until the days of peace and plenty return.

This will be a pity, for school caps and hats have come to mean a great deal, not only to those of the Old School Tie class, if there is one, but to children of grammar schools, secondary schools, and elementary schools.

Long before Schickelgruber exalted a disgusting emblem into a badge of shame the schools of Britain, a country rich in symbolism and heraldry, had made their own emblems a source of modest pride. Wise and far-seeing educationists in recent years, bent on giving the fullest possible value to free education in this country, began to pay more attention to local patriotism in schools than it had yet received. Recognising how much it had meant in the past, and still means, to the richer and more ancient educational foundations, they sought to introduce this valuable element of the public school spirit into the council schools.

There is an amusing story told of one of the new American universities in the Middle West, where some time ago a notice which we should call queer was posted up for all to read, saying that "from tomorrow no undergraduate shall walk on the grass of the campus." Here we smile at the idea of creating a tradition as from tomorrow, and yet there was the right spirit in his curious notice. In a young country young people may feel the need of "traditions," and may be impatient at waiting for time to hallow and sanction them, as it does in our own land. The British do not make tradi-

tion in advance, yet there is no harm in preparing and building up good customs ready for the day when time will have solidified them into real traditions. And so the creation of the House system in elementary schools, and the selection of school caps with the arms of the town or county, are both excellent things. After all, is there one town or county in Britain which has not made for itself, in the past three years, a swift and noble record of imperishable history?

The boys and girls of our council schools have every reason to be proud of the district to which they belong, and of the local authority which has educated them. They may well wear on their caps and hats the emblem of their town or county, and wear it as proudly as the scholars of any ancient foundation wear their own badges and mottoes.

Today the nation as a whole has taken up the education of all its children. It will have to be the finest education in the world, for this country has a magnificent destiny waiting for every one of its sons and daughters. When that education has achieved its highest level there will be room in it for many a story of the mighty days when men and women of British stock, and boys and girls too, helped to make this Island the bastion of freedom for the whole world.

Some of those stories may well be enshrined in the badges and devices which will adorn the caps of our council schools in the future.

The Great Negro Race

STATISTICS recently issued in Washington show that the negroes of the United States are well to the fore in the fight for freedom all over the world. More than ten per cent of the U.S. Army are coloured men.

They are serving in Britain and Northern Ireland, in North and West Africa, in Liberia, Australia, New Guinea, Hawaii, Alaska, and the West Indies, and they are true Africans by race; they are serving well and faithfully.

As volunteers in the exciting war which preceded Pearl Harbor they responded magnificently, more than 16 per cent of the volunteers between 1940 and 41 being Negroes.

President Roosevelt and his wife have shown on more than one occasion the high regard in which they hold their coloured fellow-citizens. The great Negro race, numbering more than 9,000,000 throughout the world, has made notable contributions to the good of mankind, in the primitive past as well as in the

scientifically organised present. In bygone centuries mighty Negro kingdoms existed, some of them as civilised as most of the white men's governments of their day. They counted in their ranks fine soldiers, wise statesmen, gifted sculptors, architects, painters, musicians, poets. As they have produced distinguished scientists, physicians, teachers, and philosophers in our own times, so they did in the past. We know some of their names, for they played their part in the cultural history of ancient Egypt, Greece, and Rome.

Nazis and Japs may rave and scream, in the twilight of their frustration, about the "mission" of their glorious New Order to trample upon the rest of the world, but when the "non-Aryan" world has dealt faithfully with Hitler and his jackals we may hope there will be a better day breaking for the Negro, wherever he lives and cheers us with that gleaming smile which is his humblest gift to us, but one of his best.

CARRY ON

Paradise For Nothing

IT is a hard economic fact that to sweep clean the central slums in the heart of a city and rebuild dwellings (not single houses, these, but modern apartments in tiers with courtyards, enclosed, Spanish style, with the backs turned to the street and their faces to the enclosed sunlit gardens, where the children play)—it is a fact, I say, that this would cost economically—what do you think? Nothing.

All the labour and time expended would be less than the labour and time saved—in more efficient work and health. And financially it would cost—less than nothing; it would pay.

Stephen Leacock

PRAYER FOR PEACE

I DARE not pray for Peace Until Thy will is done On Earth as tis in Heaven. I dare not ask that tears be dried, And hearts no longer riven. But this I ask, that lives be cleansed From sin and greed, and hearts and Thoughts from hatred freed. Then, O God, our Father, grant us Peace.

Kate Brown

The Noble Calling

BE inspired with the belief that life is a grand and noble calling; not a mean and grovelling thing that we are to shuffle through as we can, but an elevated and lofty destiny.

W. E. Gladstone

RED EARTH

THE grass soon grows over blood shed upon the battlefield, but never over blood shed upon the scaffold.

J. A. Froude

The Road to Character

PURSUE your studies diligently; they may qualify you to act in some honourable station hereafter, and distinguish you from the ignorant vulgar. Strive to be one of the best boys among your acquaintance; tis the road that leads to the character of a good man.

Benjamin Franklin to a boy

THE WISE

The wise Have still the keeping of their proper peace, Are guardians of their own tranquillity.

Wordsworth

Thou Shalt Not Be Overcome
HE said not Thou shalt not be tempest, thou shalt not be traveiled, thou shalt not be afflicted; but He said Thou shalt not be overcome.

Mother Julian of Norwich

POETRY ETERNAL

THERE is this difference between a story and a poem. Time, which destroys the beauty and the use of the story of particular facts, stripped of the poetry which should invest them, augments that of poetry, and for ever develops new and wonderful applications of the eternal truth which it contains.

Shelley

O CANADA

It is just over a century since the birth of Cliza Lavallée, whose music made this song into Canada's national anthem.

O CANADA, our home, our native land,
True patriot-love in all thy sons command.
With glowing hearts we see thee rise,
The true North strong and free,
And stand on guard, O Canada;
We stand on guard for thee.

O Canada, where pines and maples grow,
Great prairies spread and lordly rivers flow,
How dear to us thy broad domain,
From east to western sea:
Thou land of hope for all who toil,
Thou true North, strong and free.

O Canada, beneath thy shining skies,
May stalwart sons and gentle maidens rise
To keep thee steadfast through the years,
From east to western sea;
Our own beloved native land,
Our true North, strong and free.

Ruler Supreme, who hearest humble prayer,
Hold our Dominion in Thy loving care.
Help us to find, O God, in Thee A lasting, rich reward,
As, waiting for a better day,
We ever stand on guard.

R. Stanley Weir

Lord of All Being, Throned Afar

LORD of all being! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near!
Sun of our life, Thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day;
Star of our hope, Thy softest light
Cheers the long-watches of the night.

Our midnight is Thy smile withdrawn;
Our noontide is Thy gracious dawn;

Our rainbow arch Thy mercy's sign;
All, save the clouds of sin, are Thine!

Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love,
Before Thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us Thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for Thee,
Till all Thy loving altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame!

Oliver Wendell Holmes

LIFE HAS BEEN GOOD

WHAT is to come we know not,
but we know
That what has been was good—
was good to show,
Better to hide, and best of all to bear.
We are the masters of the days that were:
We have lived, we have loved,
we have suffered . . . even so
Shall we not take the ebb who had the flow?
Life was our friend. Now, if it be our foe—

Dear, though it spoil and break us, need we care
What is to come?

Let the great winds their worst and wildest blow,
Or the gold weather round us mellow slow:
We have fulfilled ourselves, and we can dare
And we can conquer, though we may not share
In the rich quiet of the afterglow
What is to come.

William Ernest Henley



Tramping in Borrowdale

A party of Scouts from the Bolton School in Lancashire on the road during a tour through Lakeland this month

Cornish Pepys

AN intimate and interesting diary has come into the hands of a Cornish correspondent. It was retrieved from age-old lumber in a dusty attic, dates back a hundred years, and was written by a humble soul who sold pattens in a poky shop tucked away in a quaint old town.

Many people abandon their own diaries by the end of January, but not so this man. All the little incidents of day by day, his hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, resolutions and regrets, were set down in the typical copperplate penmanship of a century ago.

There was no lack of material. Every day furnished something to make a note of, something he had seen or done. On the crowded pages there are entries such as these:

Rose this morning in tolerable health. Praise the Lord! . . . Deep snow. O how foolish are those people in the street to cast snowballs at each other! . . . Went to prayer meeting; good to be there . . . Had rice pudding for supper.

A man called Allen denied that he owed me 6d. What infamous men there are in the world! Mr. — sent to Bodmin Gaol for 1 month for stealing 2 turnips. Wife in poor temper. I shall commit myself to the Lord and retire to rest.

Busy to work. Captain Rodda here and I lent him 2 umbrellas. Heard of mother's illness and sent her 10s 6d. Paid 10d on a letter from Ireland . . . Paid 12s for a bushel of barley and 18s 6d for a bushel of wheat.

The German band came here today . . . Very cold, and my head aching . . . Sampson fined 5s for being drunk; or 6 hours in the stocks. He decided to save his money and was placed in the stocks. All the afternoon people have assembled to poke fun at him.

Good day. Had a goose for dinner. Stayed indoors all day until 7, then went to Vestry meeting, when police were appointed at same salary as before, £52 a year and clothes.

Somewhat harassed in mind. My dear old mother sent me a few items from Jersey, and my poor dear wife does not like it. She says let her keep her old things; there is nobody wants them here. But she is my mother, and what wonder that there should exist a little natural affection between a parent and a poor sick child? I take it as a kindness in receiving the cake and lemonade. May God bless her in her deed and may the God of Heaven cause His face to shine upon her. And O that God would in infinite mercy change the heart of my poor dear wife!

Perusing this homely log-book, one wonders when exactly were those "good old days" of which ignorant people talk so much. Obviously, so far as this seller of pattens was concerned, they were before 100 years ago, for there are many references to "no trade," "poor market," "money very, very scarce," and walking great distances in the hope of collecting payment for work done and receiving little response.

At that period, especially in Cornwall, there was widespread belief in the power of charms for curing ailments to man and beast. The faithful scribe makes the following observation:

I entered into conversation today about charms. How credulous people are to believe in them! One would scarcely think it possible in this enlightened age. Why, if it be so, it is only to have a few old women in a hospital or on the field of battle and they would stop all the blood. There would be no need of doctors.

As every Saturday night came round the old Cornishman closed his weekly jottings with the petition, "Lord, prepare me for the duties of the Sabbath."

BAD MANNERS IN MUSIC A Thing That Should Stop

Such a habit, contrary both to good taste and good manners, should not be tolerated in an enlightened community.

THUS speaks the distinguished body known as the Incorporated Society of Musicians, the leading organisation of its kind in the Empire. The society does not like jazz, swing, hot rhythm, or any form of degraded music.

These developments are bad enough in themselves. But the society would say little about that if only the debasers of music would keep away from the great composers of the past, whose genius was left to the whole world to enjoy in simple and glorious harvest.

Dance-band leaders, we agree, have mutilated the classics. They take from the classics. Some of them, with Tin Pan Alley composers here and in the U.S.A., have not scrupled to take entire compositions of the great masters and juggle about with them, presenting the result as their own work, out of which they make great sums of money.

Ah, says the defender of jazz, but if the men of Tin Pan Alley did not popularise the classics, what would the masses ever know about them?

That is complete nonsense. The public cares for classical music far more than the jazz-merchants do. Far too much the public cares to enjoy the clipping of its golden coin for gain. It dislikes musical forgers, and is sorry to see the BBC in this bad company.

Making the Factory Like Home

IF we desire in this all-important year of 1943 to obtain the best output from our arms factories, we must have special regard to the women and child workers. Fortunately, we have in Mr Bevin, our Minister of Labour, a man who, while he must call upon all available and fit women workers to aid him, is determined that the factories must be worthy of those who work in them.

Mr Bevin is the Minister of human material, and he knows that too often less care is taken of living beings than of the raw materials they have to handle. What he is seeking is to make the factories homes from home as far as possible. He has issued an Order of the Day to his welfare officers urging them to aim at maximum output by establishing proper conditions for the women workers upon whom so much depends.

We feel sure that if the Minister of Labour requires any further powers he will be given them. He needs more inspectors and welfare officers, and knows that a great number of married women will be going into munition works this year. They have to combine public work and domestic work, and they need all the assistance we can give them. The women of the nation are the most precious of all its assets.

Friends in Need Their Work For the Children



Happy boys and girls in the settlement at Petersfield

TAKE care of the pence and the pounds will take care of themselves is an excellent proverb; but a finer one, because it has true wealth for its inspiration, is Take care of the children and the people will take care of themselves.

In wartime the importance of looking after the children is greater than ever, yet it is far more difficult than in peacetime, and not the least of the great services the Friends are rendering to the nation is their work for the very young, especially for those whose homes have been torn asunder. The Friends War Relief Service has established four country nurseries for the under fives, many of them survivors of the blitz, whose parents are unable to leave their homes in our bombed cities. It also has nine hostels for mothers and children whose

home life has been temporarily broken by the war, and two hostel schools for children needing special education and attention; one is near Clitheroe in Lancashire, and the other on the southern fringe of Dartmoor.

In bombed areas of London, Birmingham, and Liverpool the FWRS has done fine work in clubs and play-centres, and its welfare work for groups of evacuees at Bournemouth, Filey, and Petersfield has been invaluable, helping to provide them with suitable accommodation, and organising recreation and occupation for them.

So the good work of the Friends goes on, wherever it is most needed. But it all costs money, and if you can Spare a Mite to Help a Mite, will you please send it to the Friends War Relief Service, Friends House, Euston Road, N.W.1.

The Six Bricklayers

SIX American bricklayers arrived one Monday morning at a church in the South of England, and in two hours completed an unfinished hall they found there.

They were no ordinary bricklayers. They were "doughboys" in working suits of khaki denim, and their chaplain, Captain James Moore of Baltimore, came with them. The men refused to take a single penny for their work.

It all happened with typical American speed. The day before, Captain Moore, a Presbyterian minister of Maryland, had accepted an invitation from the little church to take the pulpit, and he took 50 of his men with him. After the service they were all entertained to tea and sandwiches.

But, as the English parson explained, the hospitality was very cramped; because the hall had

never been finished they had to take tea in the tiny kitchen and the vestibule. The bricks for the hall were there, indeed; but there was no labour to lay them.

When Captain Moore got home to camp he had a talk with his commanding officer, and that was how it came about that next day an American army truck arrived at the church, with the chaplain and six picked men, all of whom were bricklayers in civil life. They had volunteered to "finish the job," and they did so, with amazing speed and efficiency.

Not one of them would think of taking the "regular rate" of half-a-crown an hour which the parson offered them; it was just a pleasure to help, that was all.

This cement-work is surely the kind of thing which binds not bricks alone, but the hearts of men.

LONDON'S LITTLE SHIP

MANY thousands of people remember the paddle-steamer which used to ply on the Thames from Tower Bridge to Margate. She was well known and much loved in peacetime, but now for two years she has been a warship, H.M.S. Royal Eagle.

She has been at sea for 132 days and 520 nights, has travelled 25,000 miles, and been in action against aircraft over 50 times,

bringing down two of the enemy. Her honours include two D.S.C.s, with 13 mentions in despatches. She has saved 24 lives at sea, and she made three historic trips to Dunkirk while all the world wondered. During those daring adventures she was dive-bombed 48 times, but in spite of everything she rescued nearly 3000 soldiers.

Surely London is proud of this little ship?

BEDTIME CORNER

The Man and the Two Bags

IT is said that Jupiter, one of the gods of ancient Rome, gave a man two bags, one for his neighbour's faults and one for his own.

The bags were tied together with a rope, and in throwing the bags across his shoulder the man by chance put the bag for his own faults at his back and that for his neighbour's faults in front of him.

The man continued to carry the bags in this manner, and while he always had his neighbour's faults before his notice he usually forgot his own faults, which he kept out of sight.

It is far easier to see faults in others than in ourselves.

A GOOD IDEA

WHEN Pussy turns her back to me
They say it's going to rain;
But though I turn her round about
She turns her back again.

I want it to be fine today,
And so I think I'll creep
And sit the other side of her
While she is fast asleep.

PRAYER

O God, be merciful to all who suffer and sorrow this night throughout the world. Bring wars to an end and let peace fill the hearts of all men, that Thy Kingdom may come and Thy will be done in earth as it is in Heaven.

Amen

Week-End Shopping



The Children's Newspaper, January 30, 1943

JACKEROO, VC His Last Ride in the Sky

Two years ago Rawdon Middleton was a Jackeroo, riding about a sheep farm in New South Wales. Two months ago he made his last ride, this time in the sky over Turin and back to England, and at the end of a daring adventure unsurpassed for cool courage he gave up his life to save his friends. Greater love hath no man, and he lives among the immortals, the winner of the first VC for the R A A F.

It is the 53rd VC of the war, and in awarding it to Flight-Sergeant Rawdon Hume Middleton the official record says that it is for devotion to duty unsurpassed in the annals of the R A F. It is a story that must ever be an inspiration to airmen, of courage that is beyond words, and of selfless consecration to duty that almost passes understanding.

Flight-Sergeant Middleton, a young sheep-farmer with his father in New South Wales, enlisted in the Royal Australian Air Force in October 1940 and became a bomber pilot. In the raid on Turin on November 28 he was the captain of a Stirling with orders to attack the Fiat works. It was the darkest of nights, and difficulty in climbing high enough to cross the Alps soon made it evident that petrol was being used up too rapidly, and might not last out.

But he decided to go on, and, ignoring the difficulty of regaining height, dived to 2000 feet and flew three times over the city to make sure of the target. The plane was badly hit, and one shell burst in the cockpit, wounding the wireless operator and both pilots. Sergeant Middleton was hit in the face by a shell splinter which destroyed his right eye and exposed the bone above, and as he lost consciousness the Stirling dived to 800 feet before the

second pilot was able to regain control, climb again, and release the bombs.

The plane was still being hit when the sergeant recovered consciousness. He immediately ordered his fellow pilot to go back for first aid; but the pilot returned to his place almost at once, for by this time the sergeant was almost blind and could speak only with great pain and loss of blood.

A course was set for home, but with a much-damaged plane, wounded pilots, and barely enough petrol, a landing was discussed. Middleton, however, said he would try to get back to England so that the crew would have a chance to bale out safely. Badly wounded as he was, and rapidly losing strength, he must have known that there would be little chance of safety for himself, but with a supreme effort of will he piloted the plane back across the Alps, through the searchlights and flak that hailed them on the French coast, and so back to England. With petrol enough to last five minutes, he flew the Stirling a few miles over the shore, and then ordered his crew to bale out. Five men floated down safely in their parachutes, but the flight-engineer and the little Scottish gunner stayed behind to help their captain, who then put out to sea, where the plane came down and the three men laid down their lives for their country.

MILK IS BEST

A senior member of the victualling staff for the Navy has told that three men out of five decline their ration of rum and take it in something else. A hundred years ago the proportion was only one in ten.

In the same period of time the ration per man has been reduced from a quarter of a pint to an eighth of a pint.

With the decrease in the consumption of rum there has been a corresponding rise in the demand for milk. It is being recognised by the men that while rum is a fraudulent drink, doing a man more harm than good, milk is every seaman's friend, as honest as the day.

New Power From Seeds WARTIME CHANGES IN INDIA

Wartime shortage of imports and exports has brought about interesting changes in the industrial life of India, and has led to the good use of what were formerly regarded as waste products.

The Council for Scientific and Industrial Research has done useful work in this connection, and among the industries which have benefited are chemicals, vegetable oils, plastics, paints, and lubricants.

Perhaps the most important result is that concerned with oil. Normally India imports 14 million pounds worth of mineral oil, and exports vegetable oil seeds and oilcake of about two-thirds that value. Today, practically all the mineral oil imported is for war purposes, so that there is little to spare for civilian needs, while the export of vegetable oils has ceased.

Scientists have now succeeded in combining vegetable and mineral oils as lubricants and fuels, and already one oil company is producing 8000 tons a year of the new blend.

Among other new materials are substitutes for window-glass and cork. Many of the new materials evolved are for war purposes and so kept secret, but there are already completed 25 schemes affecting both war and commercial needs. As some twenty million acres are devoted to plants producing vegetable oil the work of the scientists will greatly help the Indian growers.

The Steel War

What extraordinary quantities of steel are being launched for combat in the war are shown by the statistics of the American Iron and Steel Institute.

First of all, take the United Nations. Estimated outputs are:

	Tons
United States	91,000,000
British Empire	20,600,000
Russia	21,800,000
Total	133,400,000

The total for the Axis is 61,000,000 tons.

If we turn from steel to men, the United States has an overwhelming supremacy. In a population of just over 130,000,000 the American Government plans to have one half of this vast number either fighting or working on war production by the end of the year.

The Children's Hour

Here are details of the BBC broadcasts from Wednesday, January 27, to Tuesday, February 2.

WEDNESDAY, 5.20 The Adventures of Deerfoot, third episode. 5.55 Prayers.

THURSDAY, 5.20 The Inn of the Chat Grils, being the second part of the broadcast version of The Scarlet Pimpernel.

FRIDAY, 5.20 A West Country story written and told by Eileen Molony. 5.30 Olive Shapley in her Letter from America will describe her visit to San Antonio, Mexico. City of Spanish Missions. 5.45 The Navy's Here—Number 2, The Torpedo Branch, written by

Commander P. Bethell, and produced by Peter Watts.

SATURDAY, 5.20 Copying Nature—Number 2, Camouflage, by William Aspdon; followed by Songs of America, sung by the Four Clubmen, and a story told by Hugh Morton.

SUNDAY, 5.20 Queen Victoria, a radio play by Harry Alan Towers, adapted from the film script, with Anna Neagle as Victoria.

MONDAY, 5.20 Music at Random, a talk illustrated with piano and gramophone records, by Helen Henschel; followed by News from Sherwood, by Robin Hood.

TUESDAY, 5.30 Out with Romany.

TALE OF A VILLAGE

THE Battle of Britain is far back in our memories, but shall we ever know the sadness of it all?

We have been greatly encouraged by an appreciative letter from a vicar who sends his greetings to the CN from a small parish in Essex which has suffered a grievous blow and carries on in the spirit which has never failed to sustain our people in their darkest hours. Referring to one of our Front Page leaders this brave vicar goes on:

I FEEL I must say how we in this tiny parish regard our present condition as a stern test of our own faith in eternal truths. For over 800 years a House of God has stood here with its strong tower as a symbol of the everlasting God amid a changing scene. Yet, on the 21st of September, 1940, a German parachute mine swept into fragments the building we all loved, and in which, on the very same day, the daughter of a brigadier had wed one of our gallant airmen.

We are trying to see that the faith of our land is not laid in mere bricks, stone, and wood, but in the warm hearts of boys and girls, of men and women. We are, above all, thankful that no lives were lost, although 179 stitches were put into the suffering body of one of our mothers, who was cut by fragments of flying glass, and who still is carrying on in another home not far away. Of the marriage which took place a few hours before the raid a little baby boy was born, and his father is now among the many who are "missing, believed killed." Our church-roll numbers only sixty or so members, yet we are carrying on our regular services in the school with a surplined choir and an increasing Sunday School.

That is one tragedy in many thousands which cut deep into the life of our countryside but are soon forgotten by the rest of us in the stress and emotion of these times. Yet how uplifting is the good courage of this small parish which carries on through so great an adversity! This small church of many centuries had old glass in its windows, glowing like suns, a painting of the Wise Men by a pupil of Rubens, some of the finest brasses in England, and a very

rare group of three oak figures, one of a man with his heart in his hands, suggesting that he was a Crusader who fell abroad, his heart being sent to his church in Essex for burial. There are not 100 of these oak figures in all England, now, and only three other churches in the country have as many as this church.

This was the treasure imperilled by a barbarian bomb, and we wrote to our friend to ask the fate of all these precious possessions. This is what happened, as he tells us in a second letter:

THE church glass was blown to tiny fragments, our brasses were fractured, and some of the pieces have been carefully stored in the Colchester Museum. We spent over £100 in clearing up debris, and the work in that direction ceased some time ago. The oak figures were split in pieces, but, with the exception of one head still missing, all the pieces have been found, stuck together, and stored safely. The ten tons of roof-lead were flung as by a giant's hand over 200 yards away, smashing through fences and coming to rest in twisted pieces all over our meadows. The five bells were completely smashed, though we have collected a lot of their metal.

Nothing more was seen of the picture of the Wise Men.

I went out to New Zealand in 1923 as Curate at Nelson Cathedral, and returned only in April 1939. My last parish out there covered 1200 square miles with ten places for services; now mine is one of the smallest in this area with about 60 names on the church membership roll! Life has many surprises and changes for all of us!

So the great war of the world registers itself in the life of our small communities. All over the earth the bitter destruction goes on, the cruelty, the folly, the waste, the shattering of beauty and of life itself. All the more eager must it make us to give our utmost strength to speed the victory that is vouchsafed to us. This small parish of great courage sets us all a heroic example of steadfastness and devotion; let us carry it through to the end.



Mother! Child's Best Laxative is 'California Syrup of Figs'

When your child is constipated, bilious, has colic or diarrhoea, a teaspoonful of 'California Syrup of Figs' brand laxative sweetens the stomach and promptly cleans the bowels of poisons, souring food and waste. Never cramps or overacts. Children love its delicious taste. Ask for 'California Syrup of Figs' which has full directions for infants in arms, and for children of all ages. Obtainable everywhere, 1s. 4d. and 2s. 6d. Mother, you must say 'CALIFORNIA.'

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CHILLY

POET (rapturously): See the dancing snowflakes!
Cynical Friend: H'm! Practising for the snowball, I suppose.

Beware

HE placed a sign: "Beware the dog!"
And, when the work was done,
Quoth he: "Now all who run may read,
And all who read may run."

GOOD START

THE principal of a college was interviewed by a young man who desired to enter.

"What do you know?" asked the principal.

"Nothing," answered the youth.

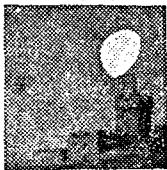
"Then you are just three years ahead of some of the other students," rejoined the principal, "for it takes them three years to learn what you know to start with."

Amateur

THERE was an old lady of Frome Who loved to have music at home;
But all she could play Was her scales, and they say She could only play these on a comb.

OTHER WORLDS

In the evening the planet Venus is low in the west; Saturn and Uranus are in the south; and Jupiter is in the south-east. In the morning Mars is low in the south-east, and Jupiter is in the north-west. The picture shows the Moon as it may be seen at half-past 8 on Wednesday morning, January 27.



THE BRAN TUB

Jacko Has a Try



JACKO had been looking at a picture of lumbermen in America, jumping from log to log in mid-stream. He was telling Chimp about it one morning when they passed a tree trunk lying across a brook. "Easy as winking," he boasted. "Watch me." He gave a leap and sprang on. Of course, his weight sent the log rolling. The next minute it rolled right over. And so did Jacko!

King Neptune On His Throne

THE other night when fast asleep

I dreamt of Neptune and the deep.

As on his throne of pearls he sat He wore a crown or seaweed hat. He held a trident in his hand And sat there looking very grand.

And all the fishes of the sea Worshipped Neptune reverently. For well they knew His Majesty Would give no mercy to their plea, Unless they would good servants be.

The Mermaids sat on the dismal rocks Combing out their golden locks. They played about on the ocean bed, And all they ate was ocean bread.

They drank the water of the sea, And chanted to His Majesty.

Of his faithful servants you shall hear.

The Codfish has to bear the beer, The Haddock sits there in the gloom, He has to sweep and dust his room.

The Herring is the parlour maid, She has to have the table laid.

The King he has an army too, Their uniform is navy blue. And down their trousers are red stripes, The Scotsmen play the King's bagpipes. And now I've told you all I dreamt, I hope that you will be content.

Robin Bruce Kent (aged 12)

MIXED

THE soap-box orator found many things to criticise.

"And what do we do?" he cried. "We pursue the shadow, the bubble bursts, and leaves but ashes in our empty hands!"

Traveller

THERE once was an adjutant stork Who journeyed from London to York.

He arrived about three And had a high tea, Which he ate with a knife and a fork.

CATCH

In what part of the Bible do we find the text, "God tempests the wind to the shorn lamb?"

This is not in the Bible; it was written by Lawrence Sterne.

Do You Live in Teddington?

THIS name, has nothing to do with Tide-end-town, the explanation that is sometimes given. It really means the town of the sons of Tidda, or Tuda, a common old English name. In this case probably the Tidda was a chieftain or, at any rate, a prominent man.

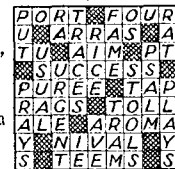
Something

"Aw, I have such a dreadful cold in my head," said a very foolish young man to a lady.

"Well," answered the lady, rather cuttingly, "that is better than nothing."

LAST WEEK'S ANSWERS

Decapitations
M-end, t-hank, p-raise.
Bottle
The cork cost a farthing.



WHAT SHALL WE DO FOR THE FARMER?

The Boy Talks With the Man

Boy. Despite the war, the farmers are doing well. I don't like to think of anybody going well out of the war.

Man. Say, rather, that they are doing well in the war. Their work is as vital as that of the fighting Forces or the munition-makers. For the first time in our history since we ceased to be a mainly agricultural country we are well on the way to growing most of the basic foods we need.

Boy. Why have we never been able to do so before?

Man. We were too deeply immersed in seeking the profits of our industry and our great world trade. We looked only to our big cities and ports, and forgot our pleasant fields.

Boy. That was hardly good statesmanship, was it?

Man. No. We neglected the farmer and the land-worker alike, until they began to lose all heart.

But it is not too late to prevent the disaster. As usual, it has taken a terrible war to wake us up to the facts. I fear that when we townsmen used to visit the country before the war, and condescended to admire the roses growing round the doors of the cottages, we never asked ourselves what life in those cottages was like when the roses were driven away by the sharp on-set of winter.

Boy. The cottagers were very patient. It was the farmer who groused, and he didn't live in a draughty cottage.

Man. No, but he lived under very stormy economic conditions, from which little shelter was given to him. We built great roads and railways for industry, but did little to help the farmer. We lavished money on fine technical schools in gloomy towns, but left the farmer's boy uneducated, even in his own calling. We invented and improved magnificent machinery for the manufacturer, but machinery for better farming was almost ignored. I do not say that the British farmer was not himself at fault in many ways. He is not, as a rule, cooperative with his neighbours. But he could have been encouraged to develop the cooperative outlook.

Boy. As in Russia?

Man. We need not go as far afield as Russia. Which was the foreign country that provided so much of our breakfast before the war? It was Denmark. Now the population of London alone is nearly three times that of all Den-

mark, yet because the Danes had studied, not merely agricultural marketing, but agricultural education, they were able largely to feed a neighbouring State of nearly fifty millions, apart from providing for their own needs and sending immense supplies of butter, eggs, and bacon to other neighbours, such as Germany.

Boy. But are our countryfolk interested in education? Are they not the great opponents of any raising of the school age?

Man. Very likely, because they don't believe in book-learning. But let me tell you that before the war the Danish country lad also left school at 14 to go on the land. But he left the land again at 18 to attend agricultural college. You find these colleges in all parts of Denmark, splendidly equipped, and crowded with keen young students who have already four years practical experience behind them of the subjects which they are now studying as sciences.

Boy. I shouldn't think either farmers or farm-workers would find fault with that kind of education.

Man. No, and we must see that they have it after the war, with an assured market for their harvests, better transport facilities, better health and sanitary services, and better housing. Then we shall bring contentment and prosperity back to the loveliest and most fruitful countryside in the world. Our farmers and land-workers, who are doing so much for us all today, expect no less.

"FLU-COLDS"

...need the treatment that brings relief direct to your...

TIGHT, ACHY CHEST...STUFFED-UP NOSE...COUGH and SORE THROAT

For quick relief from the misery of a "flu-cold", bring relief straight to the sore and congested nose, throat, and chest. How? Simply rub throat, chest, and back with Vick brand Vapour-Rub.

At once, you begin to inhale the soothing "Vick" vapours straight to the place where irritation and phlegm are interfering with your breathing and making you cough.

At the same time, "Vick" works on the chest and throat like a poultice, easing tightness and pain.

In these two ways, "Vick" goes on working for hours, breaks up most colds overnight.



Children's Teeth in War-Time



Even in wartime a child's diet must contain a proportion of sweet things for nourishment and energy. But sweet things cause acid-mouth, which encourages the germs which attack and decay the teeth. To protect the teeth a child's tooth-paste should contain plenty of 'Milk of Magnesia', the most effective neutraliser of mouth acid known. Only in one tooth-paste is 'Milk of Magnesia' brand antacid to be found and that is Phillips' Dental Magnesia, which contains a high percentage.

Children who use this pleasant-tasting tooth-paste have the whitest teeth which are practically free from decay, distressing tooth-ache and disfiguring gaps. Get a tube today.

Sold everywhere 1/1d. and 1/10d.

RETURN EMPTY TUBES TO THE CHEMIST

Phillips' Dental Magnesia

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Lixen Elixir is the palatable liquid in bottles, 1/3, 2/3, 3/11.
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